

# Karl's Journey to the Moon



Written and illustrated by Maja Lindberg.

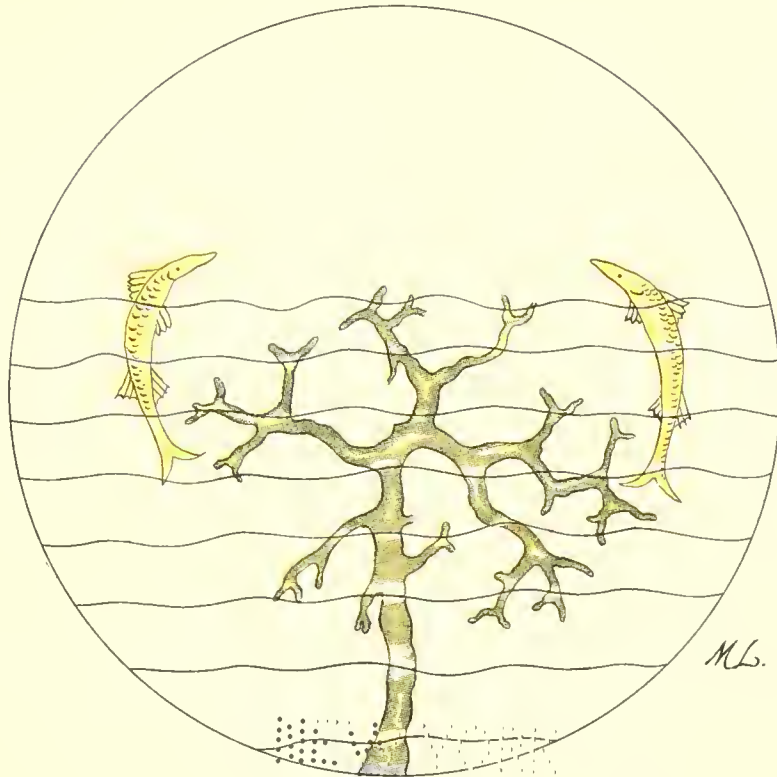
TRANSLATED BY SIRI ANDREWS.



J Lindberg  
Karl's journey to  
the moon

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# KARI'S JOURNEY TO THE MOON



3<sup>d</sup> EDITION

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# KARL'S JOURNEY TO THE MOON.

It was evening, and a yellow full moon had just risen over the tree tops, shining brightly.

In the garden sat a boy blowing soap bubbles. His name was Karl and he was six years old.

Karl was a real artist at blowing soap bubbles. He could make them ever so big, and they shimmered in all the colors of the rainbow. The very biggest surely went all the way up to the Man-in-the-Moon, thought Karl.

"If only I could blow a soap bubble so big that I could sit in it. Then I could go too, and see how the Man-in-the-Moon lives." And Karl looked up at the Man-in-the-Moon longingly.

Think of it, just then the Man-in-the-Moon nodded at Karl! What could that mean?

With a thoughtful air Karl began to blow another soap bubble.

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Karl was an artist at blowing soap bubbles

Then something strange happened. The soap bubble grew so big that at last it was bigger than Karl himself, and then suddenly it flew straight at him.

Karl had time only to feel something wet against his face, and then, before he knew it, he was sitting right inside the big soap bubble, and it was rising straight up into the air.

Karl gave a cry of fright, for its speed made him dizzy. But very soon he thought it was great fun.

In the very highest fir tree at the edge of the woods sat Karl's good friend, the crow.

"Where are you off to?" he cried, quite terrified when he saw Karl come riding in a soap bubble.

"I'm going to call on the Man-in-the-Moon, I think," called Karl and laughed.

Higher and higher, faster and faster he rose, and when Karl looked down at the earth his house looked like a small, small red dot.

O-o-oh! Karl grew quite dizzy.





"Where are you off to?" cried the crow.

Now it began to grow lighter and lighter, and he knew he must be almost there.

My, what fun!

At that moment, the soap bubble glided in on the moon, and then . . . it burst with a pop.

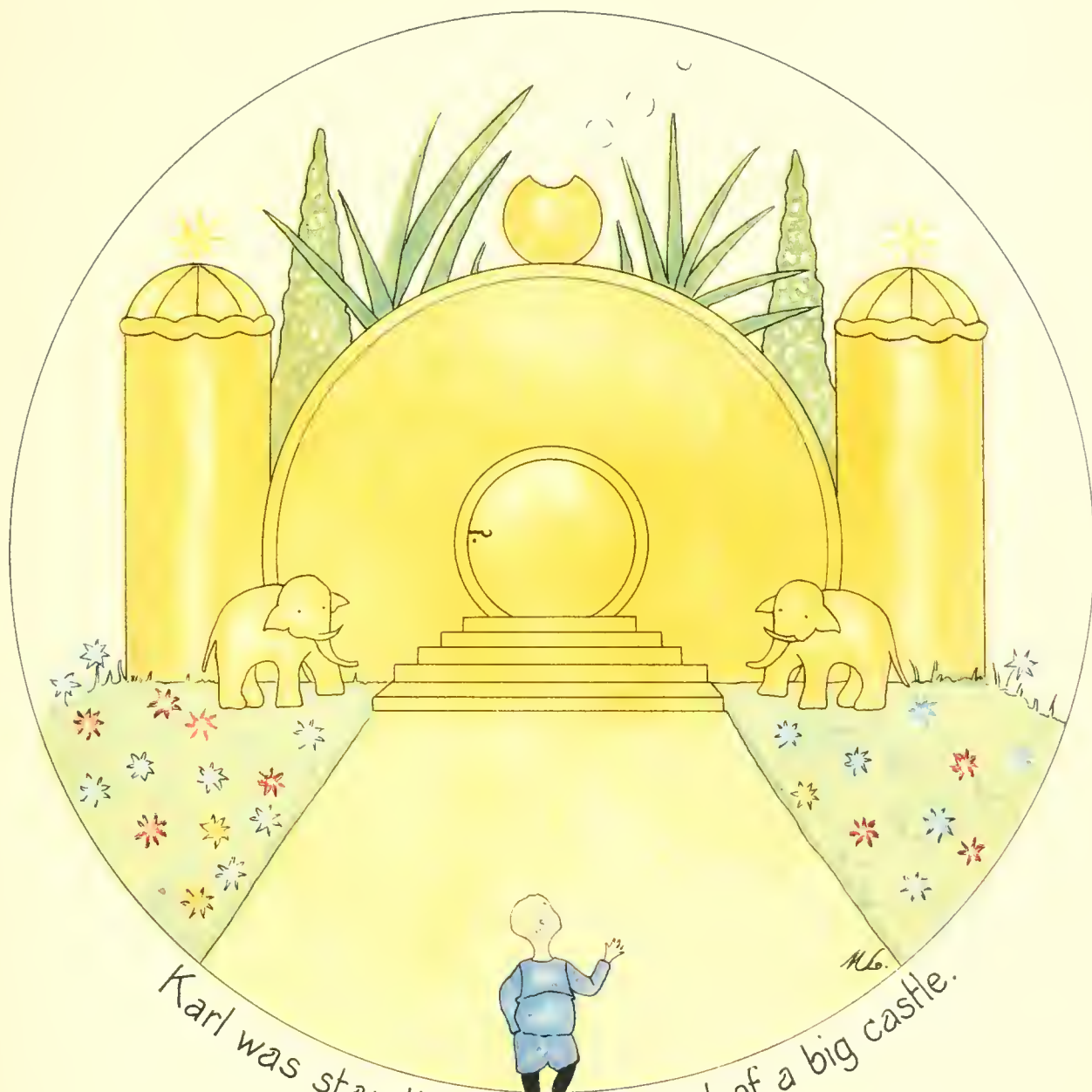
Karl was standing on his own legs right in front of a big castle.

It was a strange castle that Karl had come to. It was altogether round, with round towers and a round door. There were no windows at all, but the whole castle glistened like gold.

The steps were like those of ordinary people's houses. But on either side of them stood two elephants, which almost scared Karl into flight, for he thought at first that they were alive.

But then he remembered that elephants are gray and not yellow, and so these could not be real. And with that, Karl went a few steps nearer.





Karl was standing right in front of a big castle.

At the same time, the round door opened wide, and a little man came out on the steps.

And what do you suppose, the little man was almost round too. He was dressed in yellow silk from top to toe, and on his head he had a funny little cap with a long tassel. Surely it was the Man-in-the-Moon himself.

“Good-day,” said Karl and bowed low.

“Did you say good-day? You mean of course good-night. Because you must know that the Man-in-the-Moon is up only at night.”

And the Man-in-the-Moon peered very kindly at Karl with his round eyes.

“What sort of a person are you, anyway? Where do you come from?”

“I’m Karl from the earth, and I came here in a soap bubble,” said Karl.

“And I am Uncle Man-in-the-Moon. Now you shall see my castle, and eat apples in my garden.



A little man came out on the steps.

But first you must tell me how one makes soap bubbles. That you must be sure to teach me.”

“Well,” said Karl, eagerly, “you take a reed, and dip it in soap lather, and then you blow like this, slowly, slowly,” and with that Karl looked so funny that the Man-in-the-Moon burst out laughing.

Then he led the way in through the round door, and Karl pattered after him.

Never before had Karl seen such a large and beautiful room.

The floor must have been glass, it was so slippery. The walls and ceiling were of gold, and shone like the sun.

“Now we’ll have breakfast,” said the Man-in-the-Moon, and blew his silver whistle.

Before Karl had time to see where it came from, there stood a breakfast table in the middle of the room.

After the long journey, Karl was very hungry.



Pancakes and jam.



Now he ate the lightest of golden yellow pancakes, with jam and sugar.

“Uncle Man-in-the-Moon, you said that we were going to have breakfast, but I’m eating supper, I am,” said Karl after a while.

“Do you think so?” said the Man-in-the-Moon and laughed.

Soon he rose from the table.

“Now we’ll go out in the orchard and eat apples,” said he.

How large the Man-in-the Moon’s orchard was! Karl thought at first he had come out into a forest. The fruit trees were very tall, and were laden with fruit.

“My apples and pears are probably a little different from the ones you are used to. But I think you’ll like them.”

Karl thought so too, but how was he going to taste a single apple when they grew so terribly high up?

“First we’ll have to get hold of my orchard step-





A pleasant "orchard ladder".

ladder,” said the Man-in-the-Moon, and blew his silver whistle.

At once was heard a rustling and a rattling, a cracking and a crashing, and there came a giraffe at full speed.

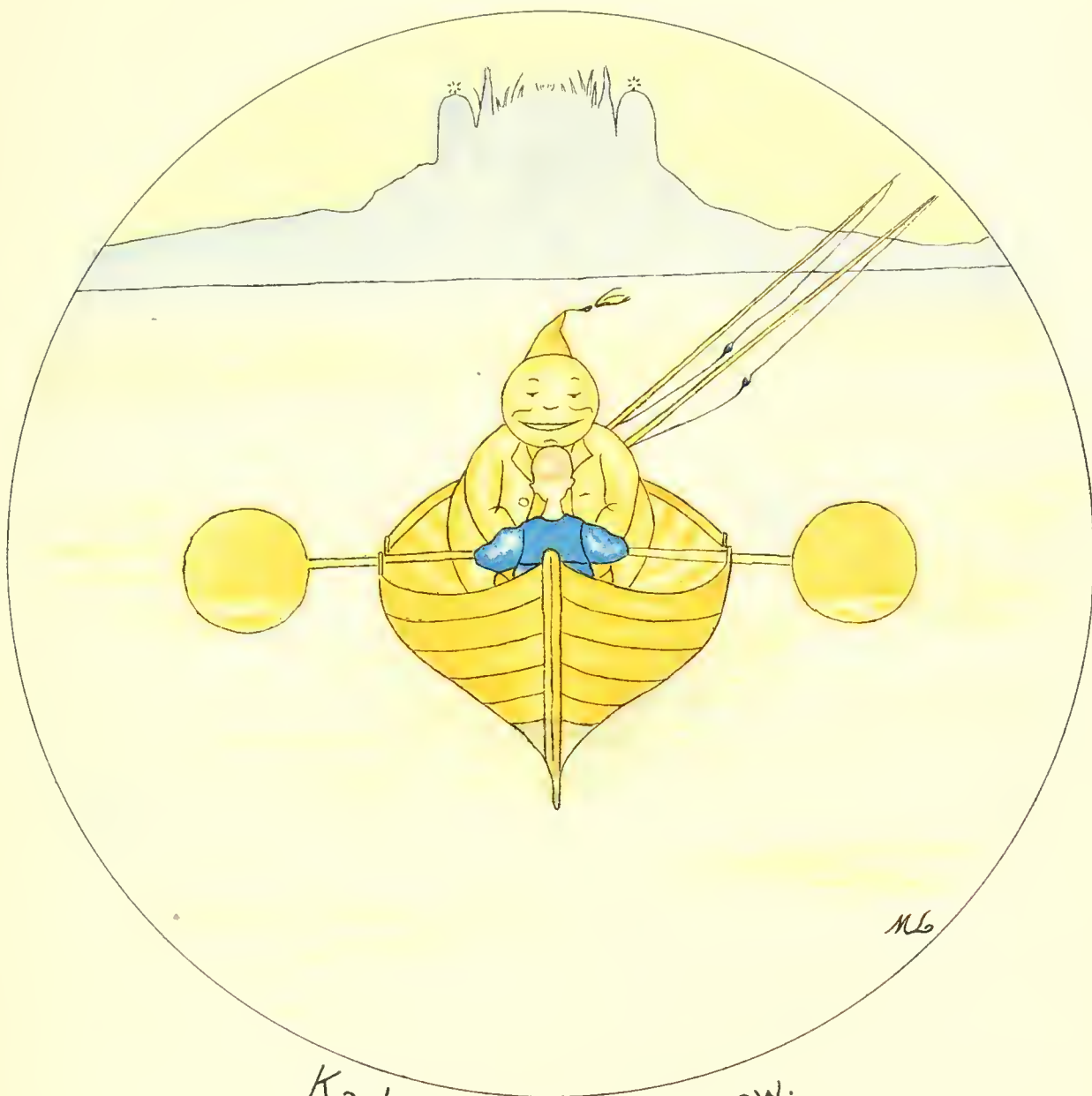
“This is my orchard ladder,” said the Man-in-the Moon, and laughed.

The Moon-Giraffe bowed his long neck down to the ground, and Karl climbed up. And then the Moon-Giraffe lifted him up right among all the apples and pears.

The apples were almost a golden yellow, and tasted like the finest astrachans. The pears were also very good, and Karl was allowed to eat as many as he liked.

When he couldn't eat any more, the Man-in-the-Moon asked him if he would like to take a little ride while he was sitting so comfortably. Of course, Karl did want to.

The Moon-Giraffe was given a friendly slap, and



Karl was allowed to row.

then they were off at a gallop all around the whole big orchard.

Twice around rode Karl, and then the Moon-Giraffe set him down.

"Now we'll row out to the Moon-Skerries and fish for crescent moons."

The boat was perfectly round and glittered like gold. The oars looked like mother's bread peel at home, thought Karl. Just think, Karl was allowed to row all by himself, and the "bread peels" were wonderful for rowing.

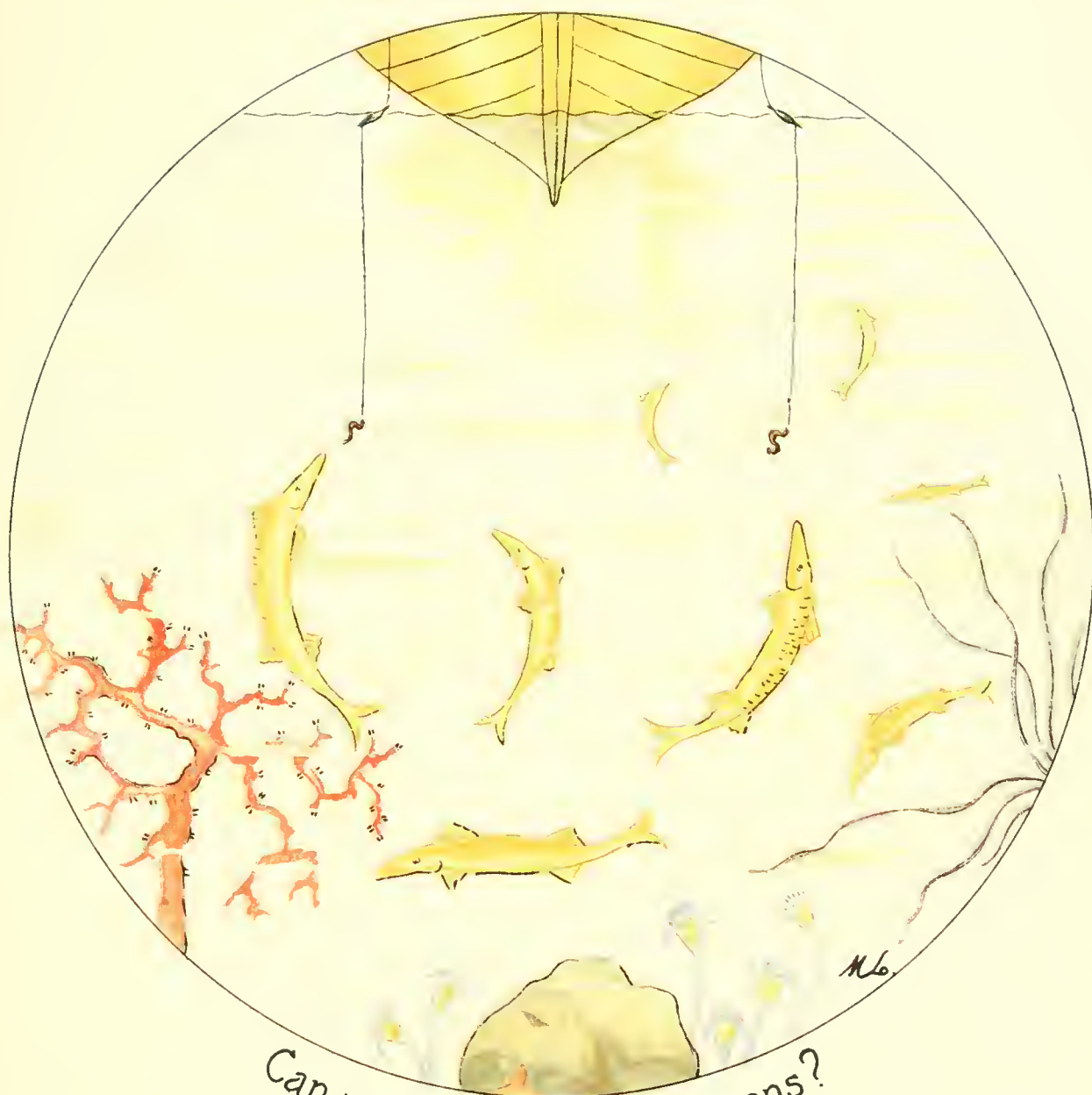
"Now we'll fish for crescent moons," said the Man-in-the-Moon, when they had cast out their lines.

"Can you catch crescent moons?" wondered Karl.

"I should think so! Just wait and see."

And hardly had the Man-in-the-Moon finished speaking when Karl had a good bite, and when he pulled in his line, there was a golden yellow fish wriggling on the hook.

Karl cried out with joy.



Can you catch crescent moons?



When Karl had caught four crescent moons, and the Man-in-the-Moon three, they rowed home again.

“Now well go up into the Moon-Tulip, and rest,” said the Man-in-the-Moon when they were on land once more.

“That must be a wonderful tulip,” thought Karl. And wonderful it was too.

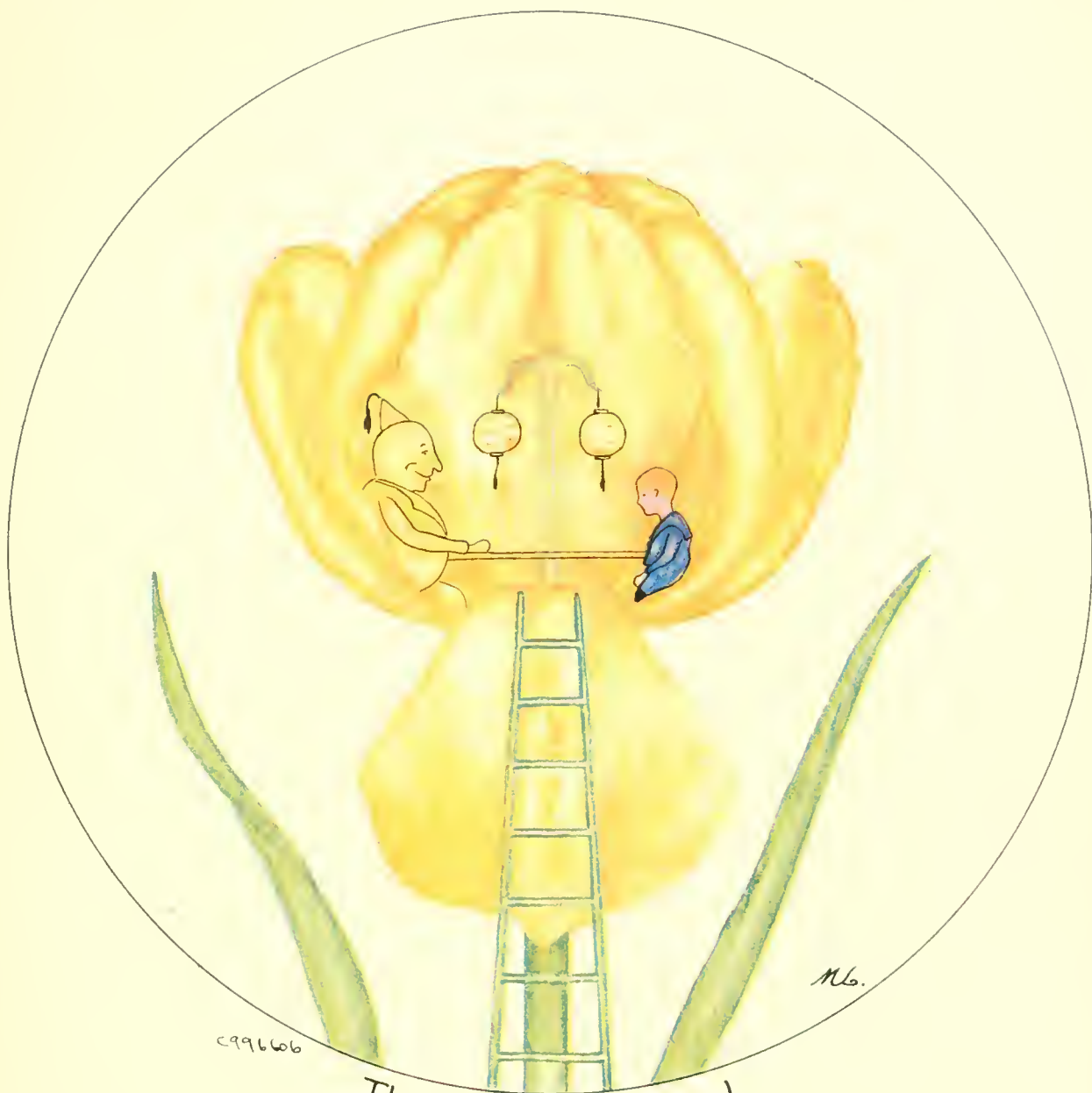
The stalk was as thick as a tree trunk, and just as high, and a green ladder leaned against it. The flower was larger than Karl’s play room.

“Come along,” said the Man-in-the-Moon, and climbed up the ladder. Think of it, there was a real table up there, and benches to sit on.

“Now we’ll sit down and rest a while,” said the Man-in-the-Moon, and looked so mysterious that Karl began to wonder what was going to happen now.

In a little while the ladder creaked. Who could that be?





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Mb.

The ladder creaked.

It was the Woman-in-the-Moon coming with the very finest moonshine-ice-cream. The Woman-in-the-Moon looked ever so kind and sweet, thought Karl. How splendid she looked! A yellow silk dress with the thinnest cobweb net over the skirt, and a large yellow hat on her head.

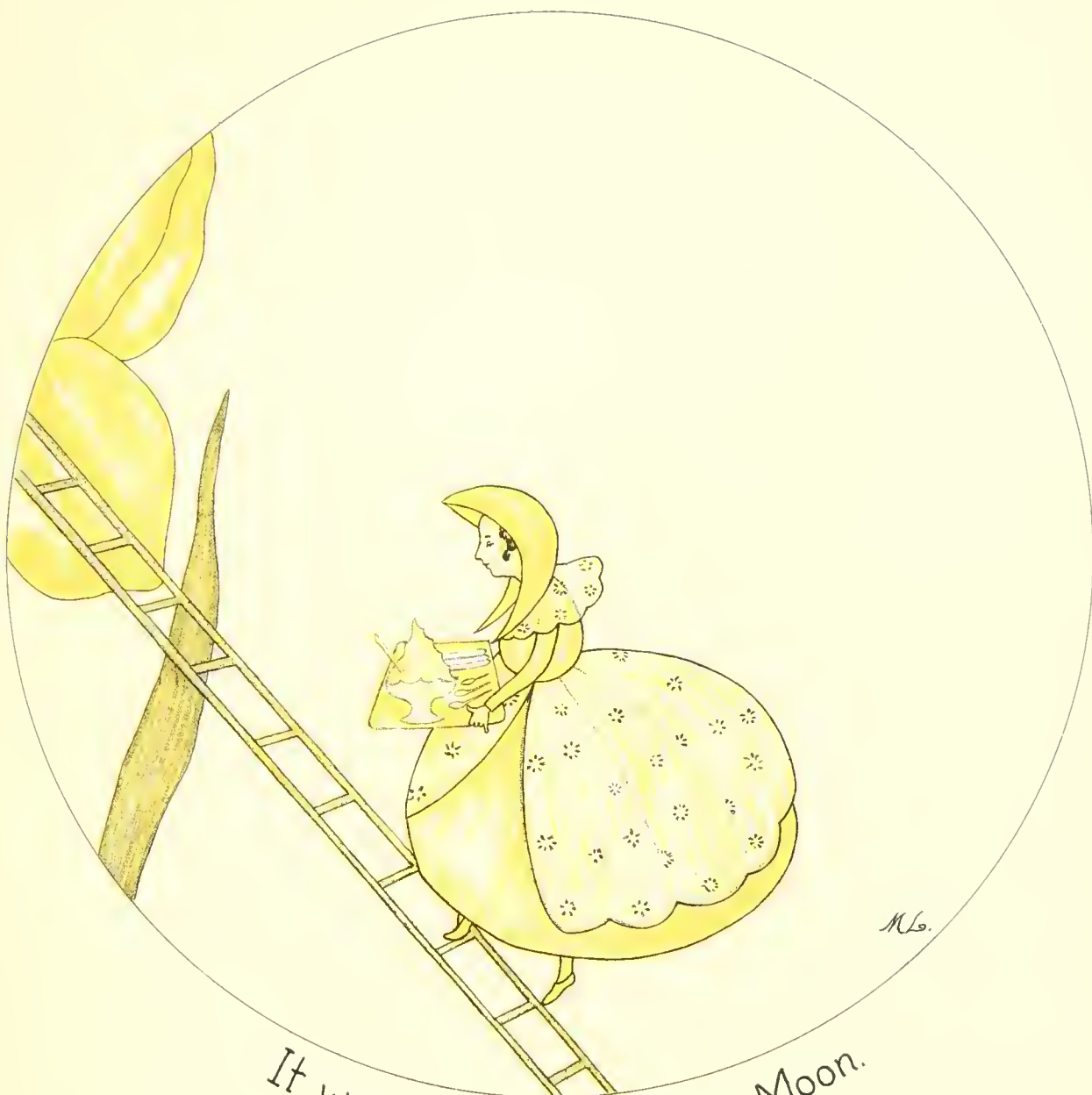
Soon the Man-in-the-Moon said, "Now we'll go down and see all the other flowers."

He had many flowers, and most of them were very strange, and not at all like the flowers at home. The lawn was entirely dotted with star flowers in all sorts of colors.

On tall stalks grew comet's tails. They were very brilliant and shimmered in several colors.

Karl recognized the blue-bells, though they were much larger of course than those at home.

"What are these flowers called?" asked Karl when



M.L.

It was the Woman-in-the Moon.

he caught sight of some round golden yellow flowers that grew somewhat lower down.

“Such sleepyheads!” cried the Man-on-the-Moon at the same time. “Here it is bright night!” And he pulled out his silver whistle again and blew it.

Then all the round flower-cups opened and the moon elves flew out.

“The elves sleep all day in those yellow Moon-balls,” explained the Man-in-the-Moon. “But when I rise, they wake up and fly out.”

Karl had heard of elves before, but never had he supposed that he should ever see them, really alive.

There was one little elf particularly that Karl liked, the one with the light curly hair and the light blue wings. She reminded him of little sister at home.

Karl suddenly became very homesick.

“Now I’ll have to go home,” he said. “I mustn’t ever be out late in the evening. Mother said so.”



The Man-in-the Moon had many strange flowers.



“Then you must obey, that’s clear,” said Aunt Woman-in-the-Moon.

Go home? How could that be done? Now he had no soap bubble, and no reed, and no soapy water either. Karl was troubled.

But the Man-in-the-Moon lifted him high into the air and swung him around.

“Don’t be sad, my boy!”

And the Man-in-the-Moon took out his silver whistle and blew softly.

Oh, what a splendid Moon-bubble! Almost like gold, and quite transparent, not round but like a giant cigar.

“The moon is round, the castle is round, the apples are round, and I myself am round! Round, rounderounda,” said the Man-in-the-Moon, and whirled around several times on his heel.





Then the flowers-cups opened and the moon elves flew out.

M.L.

This was a magic charm. When the Man-in-the-Moon had finished, Karl was sitting inside the splendid Moon-bubble, which then rose from the ground.

"Thank you, kind Uncle Man-in-the-Moon and Aunt Woman-in-the-Moon, for all the fun I've had," called Karl and waved his hand.

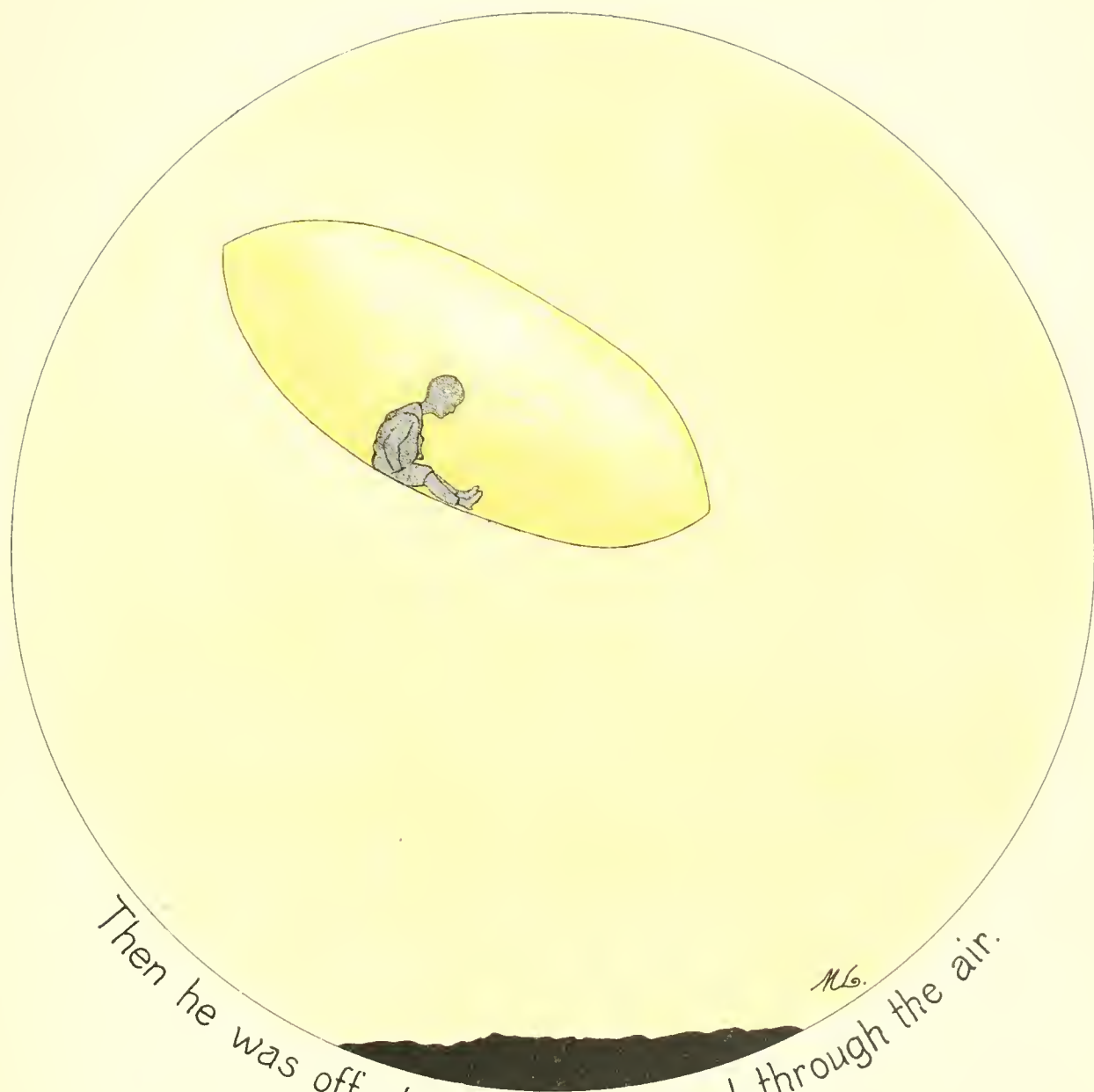
And the Man-in-the-Moon and the Woman-in-the-Moon waved in return and nodded.

Then he was off at a dizzying speed through the air. And before he knew how it had happened, he was sitting on the garden bench again.

"Why, Karl! Are you still here?" he heard his mother saying.

"Where did the Man-in-the-Moon go?" wondered Karl and rubbed his eyes.

"Man-in-the-Moon? What nonsense are you talking?" laughed his mother.



Then he was off at a dizzying speed through the air.

M.G.

"Now you must run in and get to bed."

"Oh, mamma, if you knew what fun I've had!"  
said Karl, when he was in bed.

"You shall tell me in the morning. Good-night,  
now," said mamma as she tucked him in.

"Good-night," said Karl, and at once was fast  
asleep.

And he dreamed that the Moon-Giraffe came  
and gave him an apple.

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CENTRAL CIRCULATION  
CHILDREN'S ROOM



Karl is dreaming.







